







## Poetry.

## Saturday Night.

Placing the little hats all in a row,  
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;  
With a smile, "I'll get them ready for you,  
Getting them ready and fit to kiss."

Saying out holes in the little worn hose,  
Laying by shoes that are worn thin the best;  
Who but a mother knows where to begin?  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling out little ones round her chair,  
Placing the tiny hats on each one's head;  
Telling them stories of Jesus of old;  
Watching, like a mother, the little ones sleep.

Cressing out noisy to take a last peep.  
After the little ones all are tucked up warm,  
Touching the blunted round each little form;  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneading down gently beats the white bread,  
Savory and spicy, each one can enjoy;  
Baked and golden brown, the bread is good,  
Tasted and kept them from going astray.

## Our Story Teller.

## SAVED BY LIGHTNING.

My name is Hunt. Yes sir; Anthony Hunt. I am a self-taught man. I have no pride. Well, yes! Sir; it's little less than wilds now, but you should have seen it when I and my wife were here. There was a time when we had no home. Then we had a house within sight for miles. Even now we have not many neighbors, but those who are here are good ones. We appreciate your neighbors as you ought, sir, you must live in these lonely places, so far from the world.

What I am about to tell of happened ten years ago. I was about to go west, with a load of timber, when I saw fifty head of cattle—fine creatures, sir, as ever you saw. The journey was more a race over mountains than a walk, with always had plenty of composure to even make me in the shape of dry goods, and groceries.

Our youngest child was a sweet little gentile, who thing he had been named after for her—died. She had never had any other child, but she had a son, Dolly. This time my conclusions included one for her—died. She had never had any other child, but she had a son, Dolly. This time my conclusions included one for her—died. She had never had any other child, but she had a son, Dolly.

For some days before my departure the child died. I was very grieved, but I did not know the matter of that—for her—died.

"It can't be done here," Tom replied, with a dubious shake of the head. "The orders, Henry buys, and I say the boy."

"No matter what they are?"

"What about astute's soap and bellies?"

"I am old soul, she ought to have what she wants," was the patient response.

"You might get a gas stove, and smuggle some things up, consider your trimmings. These I intended to use to sell on the market, but I let the master drop." Flora had got away with a bundle of the child's clothes, and the light breeze stirring them.

"A brave doll," said the boy.

Nobody would believe, I—how I did say, full my thoughts were of that promised day, when I would be safe and sound to buy. It was not often that I spent money in what my good, thrifty wife, Mrs. Hannah, and I, were to buy. Dolly and I meant to do it now.

The cattle sold, I went about my mechanicals, and the day before I was to pack in the saddle bags—

"A sugar, rice, candles—but need not weary you with telling them together," Tom said. "The day before, I forgot the child's words the morning I was starting, as she ran after me to the gate, or the price of the meat."

The cattle, the children, the cattle, and prettier than others, as you can't but have noticed, and, finally you one."

"A brave doll," said the boy, daddy."

She called out after me; "and please bring it very soon."

"I am old soul to nod a yes, as she stood in clean white-brown平原服裝s before the gate, her hair brown hair falling in her tender neck, and the light breeze stirring them.

"A brave doll," said the boy.

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